

No.
23

THE MASKED MARVEL! AUG.

Keen

DETECTIVE

FUNNIES

10¢

AFTER SAVING THE GIRL, AIR MAN MADE QUICK WORK OF THE PIRATE'S BOAT WITH ONE OF HIS SECRET PELLETS!

AIR MAN
THE EYE
DEAN DENTON
SPARK O'LEARY
DAN DENNIS
DEAN MASTERS

BIG CONTEST!!

INTRODUCING!!
A Brand New Character...
AIR MAN



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

*Inside front cover
and 2 pages
missing*

A FEW MILES OF FLIGHT BRINGS THE AIR MAN OVER KLEGG'S

LOOK! AN ALBATROSS!
THAT MEANS GOOD
LUCK !!



GREETINGS!

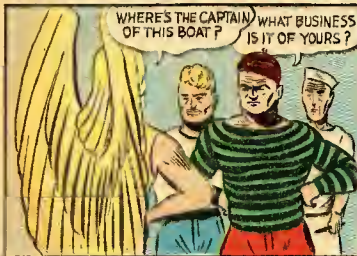
WHAT TH'!

SHIP AND LANDS.



WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN
OF THIS BOAT ?

WHAT BUSINESS
IS IT OF YOURS ?



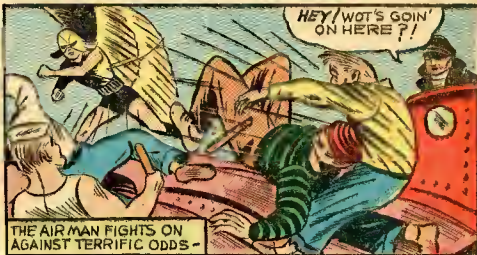
WE DON'T WANT ANY
SNOOPERS
HERE! SEE?



THIS IS ONE
SNOOPER YOU'LL
HAVE TO SEE!



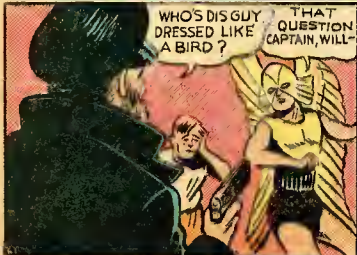
HEY! WOT'S GOIN'
ON HERE?!



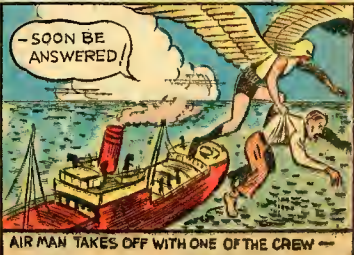
THE AIR MAN FIGHTS ON
AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS -

WHO'S DIS GUY
DRESSED LIKE
A BIRD?

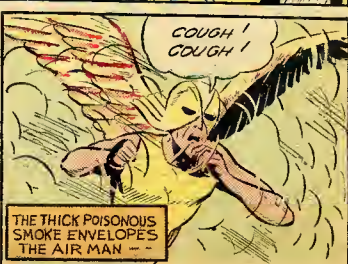
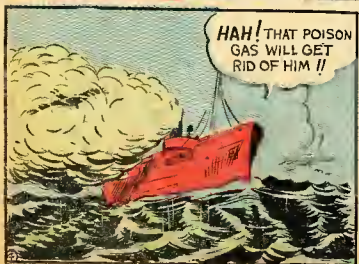
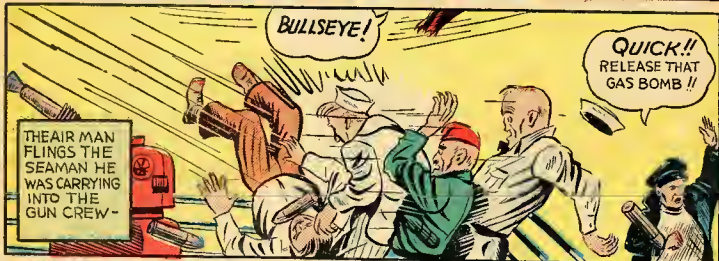
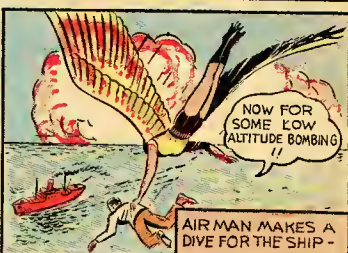
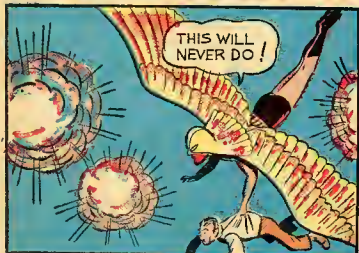
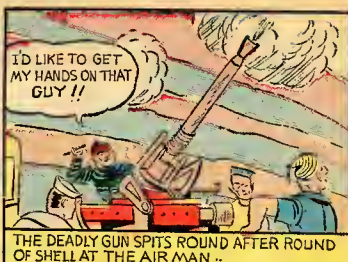
THAT
QUESTION
CAPTAIN, WILL-



- SOON BE
ANSWERED!



AIR MAN TAKES OFF WITH ONE OF THE CREW -



I-I CAN'T HOLD OUT
MUCH LONGER !

THE AIR MAN VALIANTLY FIGHTS
OFF SUFFOCATION AS HE FLIES TO
HIS CLIFF HOME ..

IN THE LABORATORY HE QUICKLY
MIXES A LIFE GIVING POTION -

THIS WILL NEUTRALIZE
THE POISON GAS..

NOW TO GIVE THOSE SEA PIRATES
A GOOD DOSE OF MEDICINE..

HIS STRENGTH
REVIVED, AIR MAN
GOES IN PURSUIT
OF KLEGG WHEN-

HMM - A COASTWISE STEAM-
ER... WHAT'S THAT HEADING
FOR THE SHIP ??

A TORPEDO !!
THAT'S MORE OF
THOSE PIRATES
WORK !!

HE TAKES AN EXPLOSIVE EGG FROM HIS BELT
AND HURLS IT UNERRINGLY AT THE TORPEDO...

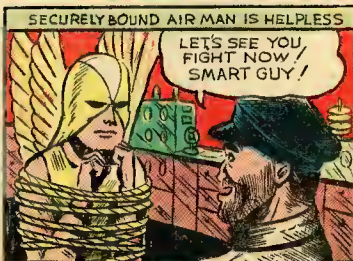
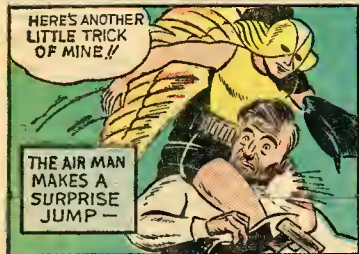
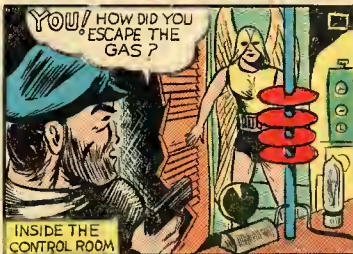
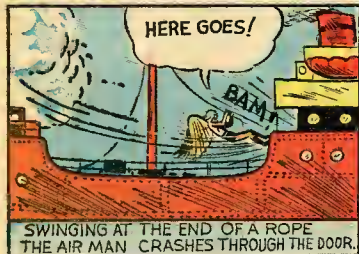
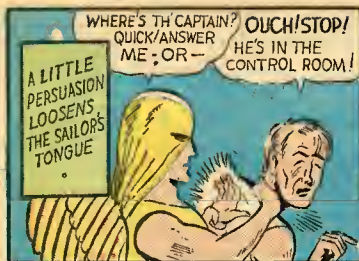
WHEW ! THAT
WAS CLOSE !!

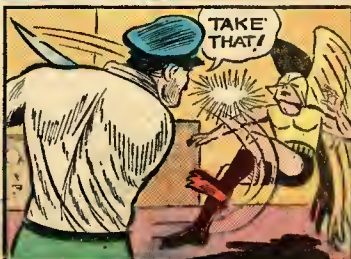
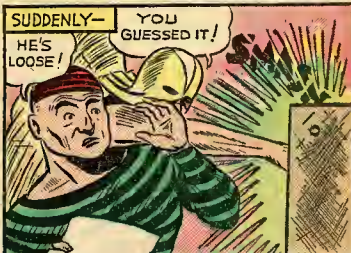
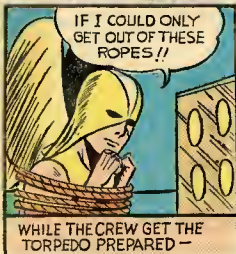
THAT LOOKS
LIKE IT !

THE AIR MAN CONTINUES
HIS SEARCH FOR KLEGG...

I'LL GET SOME
INFORMATION FROM HIM

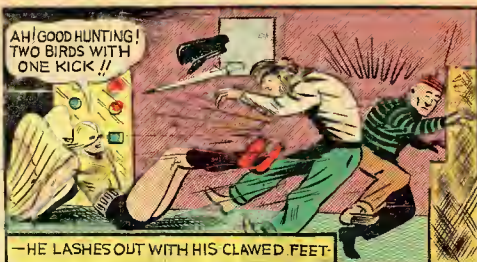
THE AIR MAN LANDS NEAR AN UNSUSPECTING SEAMAN ~







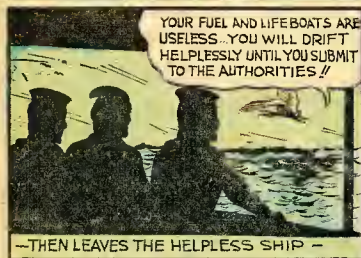
THE CUTLASS HAS ONLY GRAZED
THE AIR MAN'S CHIN, SO —



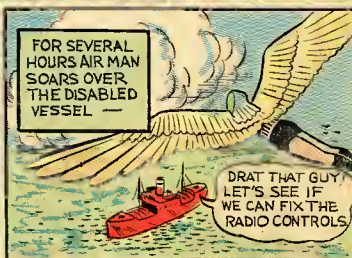
—HE LASHES OUT WITH HIS CLAWED FEET



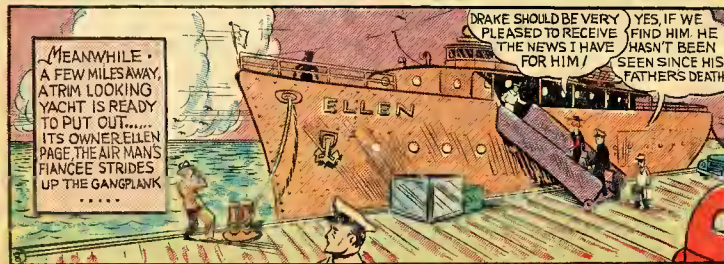
AS THE AIR MAN
LEAVES THE
CABIN HE TAKES
A VIAL FROM HIS BELT.



—THEN LEAVES THE HELPLESS SHIP —



DRAT THAT GUY.
LET'S SEE IF
WE CAN FIX THE
RADIO CONTROLS.



DRAKE SHOULD BE VERY
PLEASED TO RECEIVE
THE NEWS I HAVE
FOR HIM!

YES, IF WE
FIND HIM, HE
HASN'T BEEN
SEEN SINCE HIS
FATHER'S DEATH

9
DRAKE ONCE MENTIONED
HAVING RADIO EQUIPMENT
IN HIS SECLUDED
LABORATORY.

GOOD! WE'LL
TRY TO CONTACT
HIM AT ONCE!

IN THE RADIO ROOM

CALLING ORAKE
STEVENS—CALLING
DRAKE STEVENS—
CAN YOU HEAR ME,
DRAKE? IF SO
—COME IN—

—STEVENS—CAN YOU
HEAR ME, DRAKE?
IF SO—COME IN—

STEVENS? THAT CALL
MUST BE FOR THE SON OF
CLAUDE STEVENS TH' BIRD
PROFESSOR WHO HIROO A SHIP
I BLEW UP!!

SAY—CAP'N MAYBE
IT'S THAT FEATHERED GUY
WHOSE BEEN AFTER US!

AT THE SAME TIME
CAPTAIN KLEGG HAS JUST
FINISHED REPAIRING HIS RADIO.

OF COURSE! I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN! GET THEIR LOCATION
I'LL HAVE THESE CONTROLS
FIXED RIGHT AWAY!!

IT'S ANCHORED OFF THE
DEVIL ROCKS! HERE'S TH'
EXACT POSITION!

GET THE TORPEDO
READY! I'LL GET MY
REVENGE ON THAT
OVERSIZED PIGEON!

STILL ABOVE THE SHIP, AIR MAN SPOTS THE TORPEDO

HMM SO THEY FIXED
THE TORPEDO CONTROLS

WHATS THAT?
ELLEN'S SHIP!
THE TORPEDO IS
HEADING FOR IT!

HE FLIES SPEEDILY A-
HEAD OF THE TORPEDO—

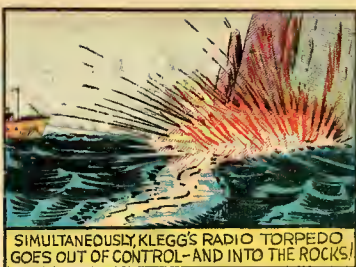
AS FAST AS SPEED -----
THE AIR MAN FLIES TO KLEGG'S BOAT.

IF I CAN BOMB
KLEGG'S BOAT THE
TORPEDO WILL
STOP!

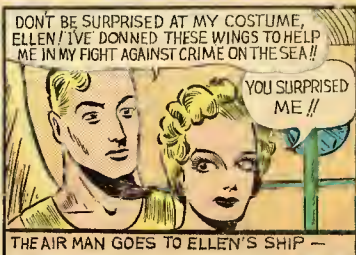


A TERRIFIC DETONATION
TEARS THE AIR AS THE
AIR MAN'S EXPLOSIVE
EGG STRIKES KLEGG'S SHIP

THAT'S THE LAST
TORPEDO THEY'LL
EVER LAUNCH !!



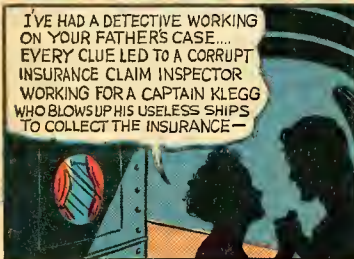
SIMULTANEOUSLY, KLEGG'S RADIO TORPEDO
GOES OUT OF CONTROL-AND INTO THE ROCKS!



DON'T BE SURPRISED AT MY COSTUME,
ELLEN! I'VE DONNED THESE WINGS TO HELP
ME IN MY FIGHT AGAINST CRIME ON THE SEA!!

YOU SURPRISED
ME !!

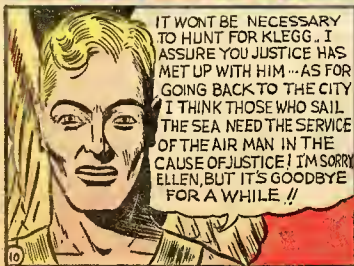
THE AIR MAN GOES TO ELLEN'S SHIP —



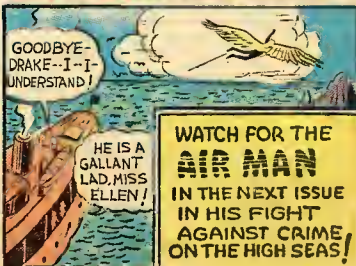
I'VE HAD A DETECTIVE WORKING
ON YOUR FATHER'S CASE....
EVERY CLUE LED TO A CORRUPT
INSURANCE CLAIM INSPECTOR
WORKING FOR A CAPTAIN KLEGG
WHO BLOWS UP HIS USELESS SHIPS
TO COLLECT THE INSURANCE—



WE HAVE PAPERS AND THE CROOKED
INSPECTOR'S FULL CONFESSION. NOW
WE HAVE TO FIND CAPTAIN KLEGG..
THEN YOUR SEARCH WILL END
AND YOU CAN COME BACK
WITH ME !!



IT WON'T BE NECESSARY
TO HUNT FOR KLEGG.. I
ASSURE YOU JUSTICE HAS
MET UP WITH HIM ... AS FOR
GOING BACK TO THE CITY
I THINK THOSE WHO SAIL
THE SEA NEED THE SERVICE
OF THE AIR MAN IN THE
CAUSE OF JUSTICE! I'M SORRY,
ELLEN, BUT IT'S GOODBYE
FOR A WHILE !!



GOODBYE-
DRAKE--I-I-I-
UNDERSTAND!

HE IS A
GALLANT
LAD, MISS
ELLEN!

**WATCH FOR THE
AIR MAN**
IN THE NEXT ISSUE
IN HIS FIGHT
AGAINST CRIME
ON THE HIGH SEAS!

DEAN DENTON

scientific detective

THE RETURN OF
THE CONQUEROR

HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

DEAN, AMERICA'S BEST KNOWN VENTRILOQUIST, HAS GIVEN UP A STAGE CAREER, AND IS DEVOTING HIS TIME TO HELPING OTHERS OUT OF TROUBLE BY SCIENCE.....

HIS ANCIENT ENEMY, THE CONQUEROR, IN JAIL IN THE BELGIAN-CONGO, DEAN'S SERVICES HAVE BEEN USED BY VARIOUS WARRING NATIONS IN THE SOLUTION OF CERTAIN WAR MYSTERIES. CAROL, HIS LOVELY, YOUNG ASSISTANT IS IN NONOL, AND DEAN AND ABSALOM, HIS VALET, PLAN TO RETURN THERE....



BAGS ALL PACKED,
MIST' DEAN!

GOOD ABSALOM~
WE CATCH THE
BOAT TRAIN IN AN
HOUR.

R-RING

THE HOTEL RITZ, SIRAPE.....

BETTER UNPACK, ABSALOM,
THE GENERALISSIMO OF
THE SIRAPE ARMIES HAS
JUST SENT
FOR ME.

LAWSY!
MO'
TROUBLE!

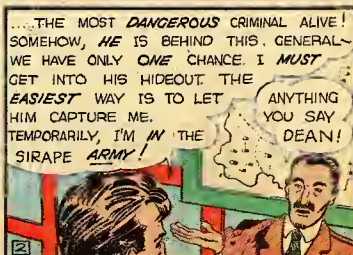
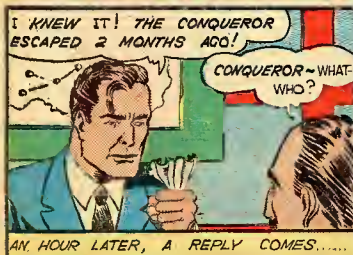
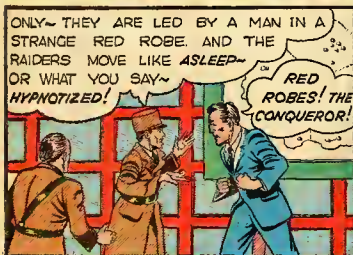
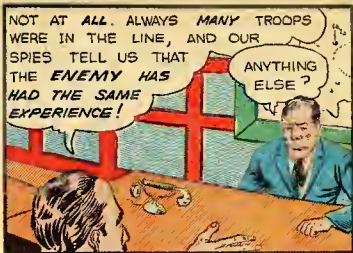
YES, THIS IS DENTON... WHAT'S THAT?
OF COURSE! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



..MR.DENTON, THIS IS CONFIDENTIAL-
EXPLOSIONS FROM WITHIN, HAVE
BEEN WRECKING
PARTS OF THE
TONIGAM
LINE!

WHEW! THAT IS
BAD,
GENERAL!

15 MINUTES LATER



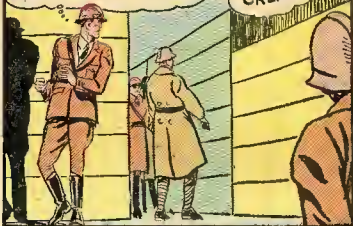
HE MUST STRIKE AGAIN!
HOPE IT'S THIS SECTOR
OF THE TONIGAM LINE



FOR A WEEK CAPT. DENTON WAITS.

WHAT'S THAT NOISE!

CREAK!



SO THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE!

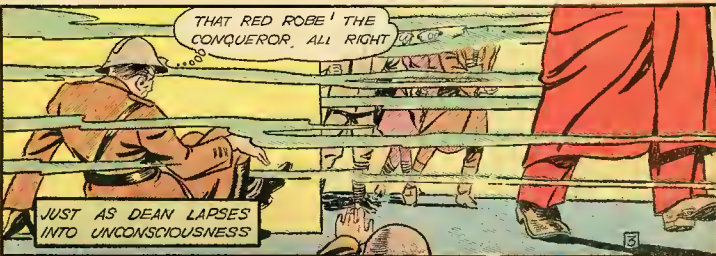


SLOWLY, A SECTION OF THE WALL IN
THE TONIGAM LINE SINKS FROM SIGHT

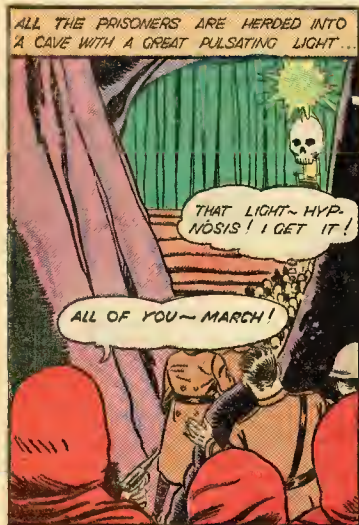
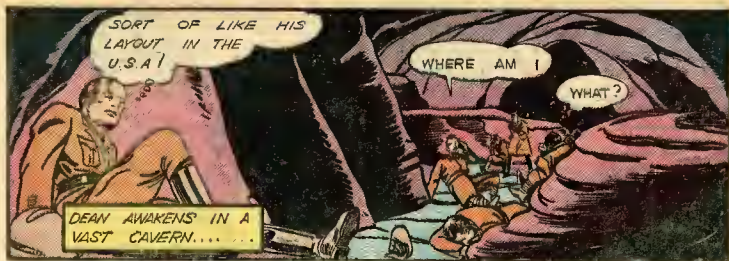
THE UNDERGROUND ROOM FILLS WITH
GAS, AND MASKED TROOPS POUR
INTO THE TONIGAM LINE CORRIDOR~



THAT RED ROBE! THE
CONQUEROR, ALL RIGHT



JUST AS DEAN LARSES
INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS





AT LAST THE GREAT LIGHT
DIES—AND THE CURTAINS PART



MAKE WAY FOR THE MASTER OF
THE WORLD

THE CONQUEROR~
BIG AS LIFE~



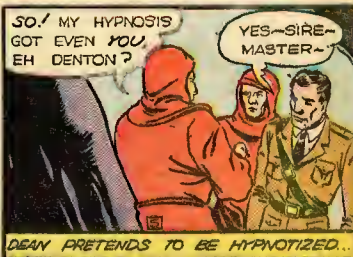
WE WILL DEFEAT BOTH NAMRE'G AND
THE SIRAPES—MY MIGHT KNOWS NO
LIMITS!!



AND I~ AND YOU WITH ME WILL
RULE THE WORLD! NO ONE CAN
STOP ME~ NO ONE!!



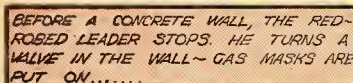
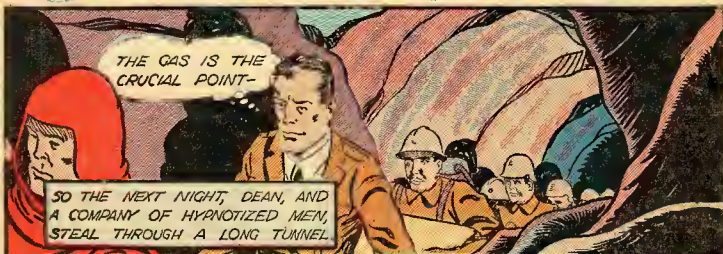
THAT MAN! DENTON! GUARDS, SIEZE
HIM, AND BRING HIM TO ME!!



SO! MY HYPNOSIS
GOT EVEN YOU,
EH DENTON?

YES~SIRE~
MASTER~

DEAN PRETENDS TO BE HYPNOTIZED..



BUT DEAN, SWINGING
MIGHTY BLOWS, SIEZES
THE GAS CONTAINERS...

NOT TODAY
MY FRIEND!



ATTACK, WHILE I KEEP THEM AWAY
FROM THE GAS!

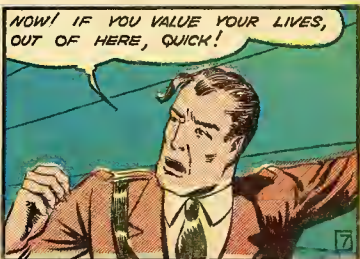


AND IN THE END, THE RAIDERS ARE
ALL CAPTURED.....



A SHORT, FURIOUS BATTLE RAGES...

NOW! IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIVES,
OUT OF HERE, QUICK!



"RUN! FASTER! THE PLACE IS MINED!"

LED BY DEAN, TROOPS POUR
OUT OF THE TONIGAM LINE.

THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION, AND
THE AREA JUST QUITTED IS SHATTERED

I KNEW THE CONQUEROR
WOULD DO THAT AS
SOON AS HE REALIZED
THE RAID HAD
FAILED!

WELL GENERAL, I'VE A GOOD IDEA
OF WHAT'S UP

THE NEXT DAY

HE'S CONTROLLING THE MEN HE
CAPTURES BY *HYPNOSIS*, AND PLANS
TO LICK YOU~ THE SIRAPES AND
THE NAMREGS!

IMPOSSIBLE!

MAYBE! BUT THE CONQUEROR CAN CAUSE
A LOT OF TROUBLE.

I AGREE! HE
MUST BE STOPPED!

WELL ~ I HAVE
A PLAN TO
RAID HIS CAVES,
LISTEN ~

WHAT IS
DEAN'S
PLAN?
READ ABOUT
IT NEXT
MONTH
IN
KEEN
DETECTIVE
FUNNIES

SPARK O'LEARY



*Newshawk
by Chas Pearson*

-AND THIS CONCLUDES OUR BROADCAST, GOOD NIGHT!

SPARK, THERE'S A MAN FROM THE GOVERNMENT OUTSIDE TO SEE YOU!



MR. O'LEARY WE THINK YOU CAN BE OF INVALUABLE AID TO US...WILL YOU COME TO HEADQUARTERS AND LET US EXPLAIN OUR SITUATION TO YOU!

4C



AT HEADQUARTERS

BY SLUGGING AND DRUGGING THE GUARDS AT MILITARY AIRPORTS A MOB OF SUPER-GANGSTERS HAVE BEEN STEALING ALL THE LATEST MODELS OF THE ARMY'S PLANES...ONCE STOLEN THEY ARE NEVER AGAIN HEARD OF!



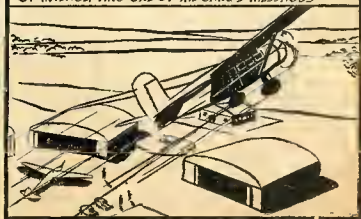
NOW WE THINK THEY MIGHT BE TRACED BY RADIO...HENCE WE HAVE CALLED ON YOU!

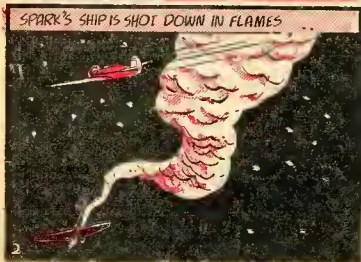
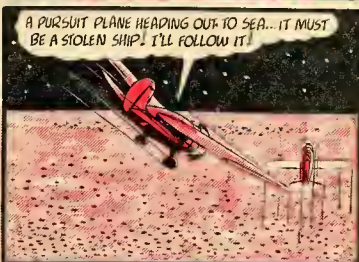
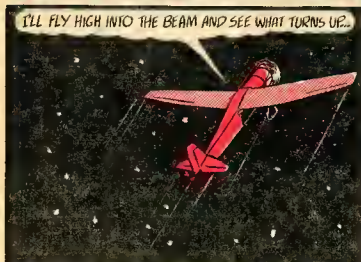
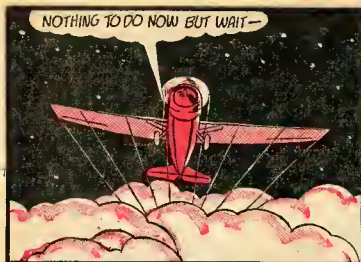


IT SEEMS LOGICAL TO ME GENTLEMEN, THAT IF THE PLANE IS NEVER AGAIN HEARD OF IT MUST HEAD OUT TO SEA... NOW IF I WERE TO BE UP IN A PLANE NEAR THE COAST I COULD TRACK DOWN ANY SUSPICIOUS RADIO MESSAGES!



SO THE NEXT DAY FINDS SPARK FLYING OUT IN HOPES OF INTERCEPTING ONE OF THE GANG'S MESSAGES





IF I CAN STAY AFLOAT UNTIL MORNING I
MIGHT GET PICKED UP BY A PASSING SHIP!



SPARK IS PICKED UP BY A TRAMP STEAMER
FLYING FROM NEW YORK TO AFRICA

BUT CAPTAIN, I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO TURN YOUR
SHIP AROUND... I'M MERELY ASKING YOU TO
RADIO THE COAST GUARD AND HAVE THEM COME PICK
ME UP IN ONE OF THEIR SEAPLANES!



AND WITH DAWN
A SHIP! HOORAH!



I AIN'T RADIOING NOBODY... IF YOU DON'T
LIKE AFRICA YOU CAN JUMP BACK INTO THE OCEAN!



BUT AS THE CAPTAIN LEAVES HE SLIPS ON THE WET STAIRWAY



CONCUSSION OF THE BRAIN... WE'LL HAVE TO RADIO FOR
COAST GUARD PLANE TO TAKE HIM TO A HOSPITAL!



SPARK GOES UP TO THE RADIO ROOM AND
CONTACTS THE COAST GUARD

-SEA IS A BIT HEAVY BUT YOU SHOULD BE ABLE
TO LAND WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE!



AS THE INJURED CAPTAIN IS TAKEN BACK TO
SHORE SPARK GOES WITH HIM



I'LL REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO THE CHIEF AND
TELL HIM WHAT I'VE FOUND!



WE'LL LEAVE THE PLANE POORLY GUARDED AND ON MY
BROADCAST I'LL GIVE SUCH GLOWING ACCOUNTS OF THE
PLANE THAT THE GANG WILL SURELY WANT IT! I'LL BE OUT
IN A BOAT NEAR THE PLACE WHERE I WAS SHOT DOWN AND
WHEN I FIND THEIR MOTHER SHIP I'LL RADIO TO YOU!



NOW TO GET OUT THERE IN A BOAT AND
WAIT FOR THINGS TO HAPPEN!



HERE'S THE PLACE TO WAIT... EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER AND
THIS TIME I HAVE A HUNCH WE'LL CATCH THEM!

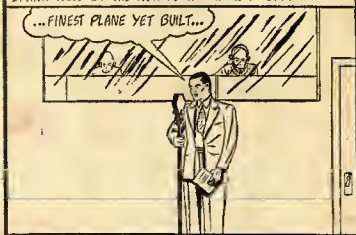


NOW I'VE FIGURED OUT A PLAN FOR CAPTURING THIS GANG!
WE'LL PUT A CONTROL ON THE RADIO TRANSMITTER OF
ONE OF THE NEW PLANES SO THAT IT WILL REGISTER ON
MY RECEIVER ANY TIME ANYONE IS RADIOING!

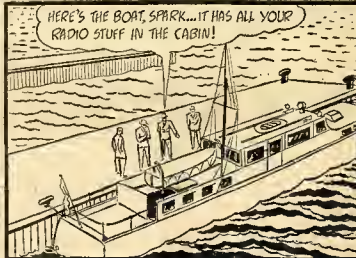


SPARK TELLS OF THE NEW PLANE ON HIS BROADCAST

...FINEST PLANE YET BUILT...



HERE'S THE BOAT, SPARK... IT HAS ALL YOUR
RADIO STUFF IN THE CABIN!



WHILE AT THE AIRPORT THE GUARDS HAVE BEEN DRUGGED

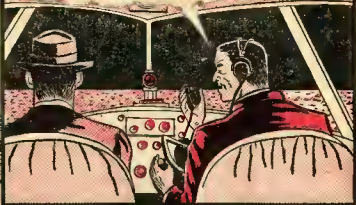
BE READY WIT' YER GUN, LOOEY... THIS PLANE IS
SUPPOSED TO BE SOMETHING SPECIAL!



THAT WAS AS EASY AS FLEECEIN' A WIDOW... LET'S
RADIO THE FREIGHTER WHERE TO PICK US UP!



COMPLICATED LOOKIN' RADIO BUT IT WORKS THE
SAME AS THE OTHERS SO WHY WORRY!



BACK WITH SPARK

AH! THE RADIO! THE PLANE'S BEEN STOLEN... THEY'RE
GIVING THE POSITION WHERE THEY EXPECT TO
MEET THE MOTHER SHIP!



WE WERE CLOSER THAN WE KNEW... WE'LL
BE THERE IN A FEW MINUTES!



THIS IS AS CLOSE AS IT'S SAFE TO GO IN THIS BOAT BUT
I'LL GO THE REST OF THE WAY IN THE DINGHY!
RADIO BACK TO THE GOVERNMENT TO BE READY TO
MAKE THE CAPTURE!



WITHIN SIGHT OF THE MOTHER SHIP SPARK CAN HEAR
THE STOLEN PLANE CIRCLING AROUND ALL NIGHT

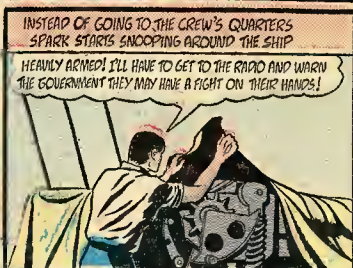
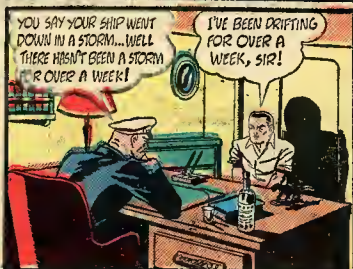
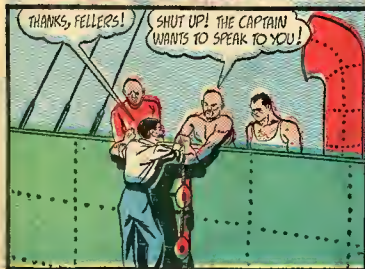
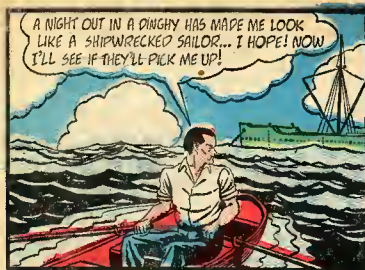


WITH MORNING A BIG AMPHIBIAN GOES UP AND THE
SMALLER PLANE LANDS ON THE BACK OF IT!



FROM THE AMPHIBIAN'S BACK THE PLANE IS HOISTED
TO THE DECK OF THE FREIGHTER





I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST OR I'M A Goner!



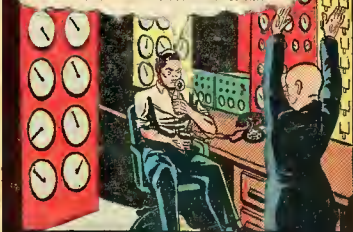
TAKING THE CAPTAIN'S GUN AND USING HIM AS A SHIELD SPARK MAKES HIS WAY TO THE RADIO ROOM



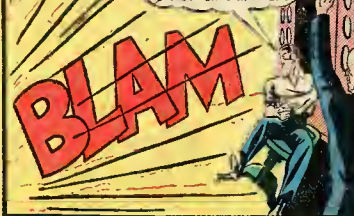
SPARK SPIES THE CAPTAIN ON A LOWER DECK AND JUMPS OVER A RAILING ONTO HIM



HELLO CHIEF... SPARK O'LEARY SPEAKING...



A SHELL! AND THE RADIO'S DEAD I WONDER WHAT'S UP!



SPARK AND THE CAPTAIN RUSH OUT ON DECK



WHEN THE GOVERNMENT GOT YOUR FIRST MESSAGE I WAS RIGHT IN THE VICINITY SO THEY SENT ME TO MAKE THE CAPTURE...THESE GANGSTERS WERE SO BUSY CHASING YOU I SORT OF TOOK THEM BY SURPRISE!



AND THAT NIGHT BACK WITH SPARK AT HIS EVENING BROADCAST

THESE MOBSTERS WOULD TAKE THE PLANES APART... LEARN THEIR CONSTRUCTION AND THEN SELL THE SECRETS TO FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS...FORTUNATELY THE GANG HAS BEEN COMPLETELY CAUGHT... GOOD NIGHT ALL!



DEAN MASTERS

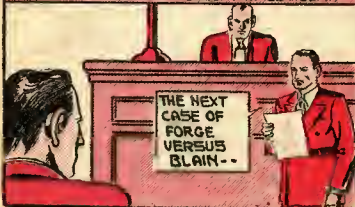
D.A.

DEAN MASTERS, DISTRICT ATTORNEY FOR BAY CITY, RECEIVES A MYSTERIOUS LETTER REQUESTING HIS PRESENCE AT A COURT SESSION. STRANGELY IT IS ONLY A CIVIL SUIT INVOLVING PRINCIPALS OF A GREAT STEEL INDUSTRY

you will not fail to be at court tomorrow morning

Charles Foster

THE CASE IS CALLED, DEAN MASTERS IS THERE OUT OF CURIOSITY. DONALD FORGE, THE SON OF THE FORMER STEEL KING IS SUING A PERSON NAMED C. BLAIN -



THE CASE UNRAVELED SLOWLY UNTIL THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG DEFENDANT TAKES THE STAND, FOR C. BLAIN IS A WOMAN AND FORGE'S FORMER SECRETARY C. BLAIN... A WOMAN... THIS BEGINS TO GROW INTERESTING IF NOTHING ELSE



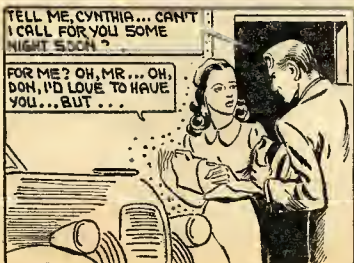
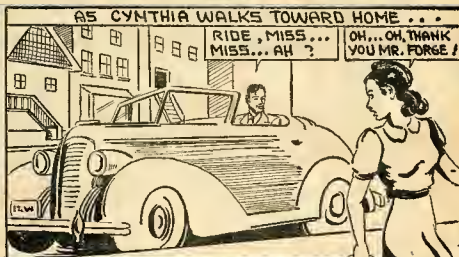
CYNTHIA TELLS HER STORY:

• MY FATHER WAS AN EMPLOYEE OF THE FORGE MILLS ... BUT SECRETLY HE HAD PERFECTED A FORMULA FOR HARDENING STEEL THAT WOULD REVOLUTIONIZE THE STEEL INDUSTRY ...

CYNTHIA ! I'VE FOUND IT ! WE'LL BE RICH !



FATHER ! HOW WONDERFUL AFTER ALL THESE YEARS



WHEN CYNTHIA IS OUT OF THE ROOM, DON FORGE
WATCHES JOHN BLAINE ...



GRADUALLY BECOMING TRUSTED, DON FORGE
WATCHES JOHN BLAINE IN A CARELESS MOMENT



SHORTLY THEREAFTER DON TAKES HIS LEAVE



LATER THAT SAME NIGHT ---



WHAT'S THAT! CYNTHIA, IS THAT
YOU?

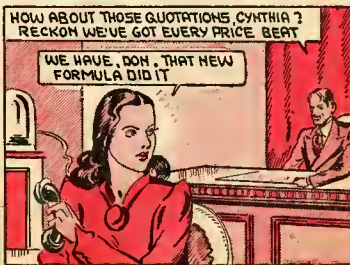
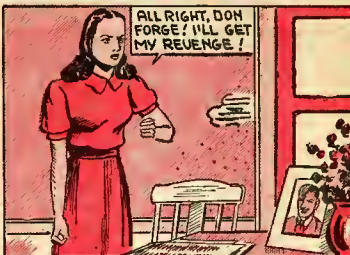
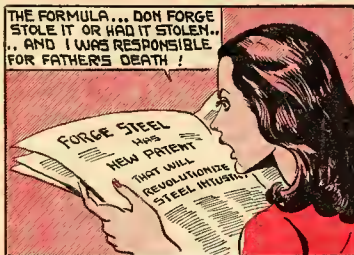
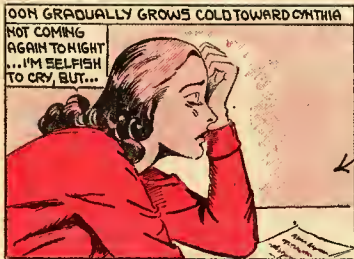


I GOT THE PAPER .. LET'S GO



THE FORMULA!
STOP!





DON DOESN'T REALIZE THAT CYNTHIA KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT THE FORMULA .

THAT AND YOUR BRAINS...DON'T KNOW WHAT WE EVER DID WITHOUT YOU .



CYNTHIA, ALL THAT TROUBLE... SORT OF SEPARATED US... BUT NOW... COULDN'T WE



YOU MEAN START OVER AGAIN, DON? OH... YES..

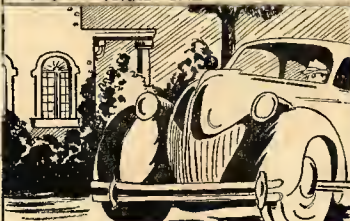
I WANT YOU TO HAVE YOUR OWN BUSINESS THOUGH, DON. TO STAND ON YOUR OWN FEET !

YOU MEAN TO IMPROVE THE STEEL BUSINESS? - YOU WANT ME TO HAVE MY OWN MILL?

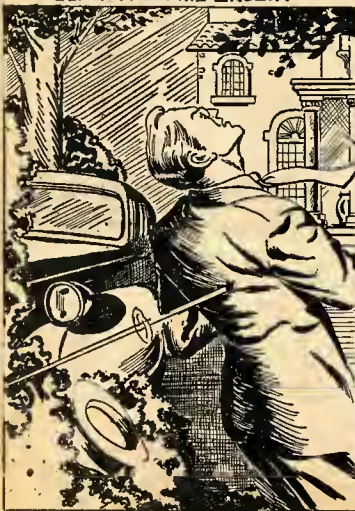
I HAVE SOME NOTES THAT FATHER MADE... THINGS... HE PLANNED TO DO... HE LEFT THEM WITH ME...



A NIGHT SHORTLY AFTER THE ELDER FORGE RETURNS HOME



DEATH FROM THE BRUSH .



HOW ABOUT THOSE FORMULAS, CYNTHIA... AFTER ALL I OWN THIS BUSINESS NOW...

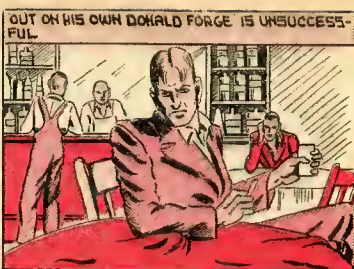
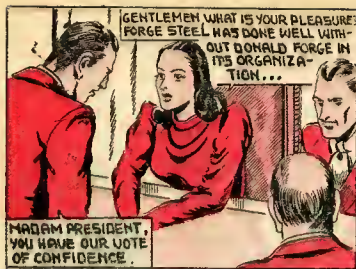
I HAVEN'T ANY... FOR MURDERERS !



CYNTHIA !

YOU MURDERED MY FATHER! I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MURDER YOUR OWN. I ONLY WANTED YOU TO HAVE A BUSINESS I COULD CONTROL !





OH BOY! LET'S WIN THIS TRAIN



OR ANY ONE OF 558 OTHER BIG PRIZES
BY ENTERING THIS EASY CONTEST

OVER \$150.00
IN PRIZES



The Train above is
First Prize. Second Prize is the same
except there are three Freight Cars instead of seven.

Here's YOUR chance to win a complete, tru-life, miniature electric train set—or any one of 558 other swell prizes—by building a simple, model Railroad Station! We'll send you complete cut-out plans—all you have to do is to paste the plans on a piece of cardboard, carefully cut apart the different sections, paste them together as shown in the instructions, and color the station to suit your taste. Then, mail your model Railroad Station to Uncle Joe—you may win one of those swell model electric train sets! It's going to be lots of fun building the station—it will be even more thrilling to own one of those electric two-rail, remote control train sets, complete with transformer!

Any boy or girl who lives in the U. S. A. or its possessions, is eligible to enter this contest. So don't delay—mail the entry blank below, with a 3c stamp (to cover postage on the plans), to Uncle Joe today! Your entry blank must be postmarked not later than July 15th, 1940—and all models must be in the mails by midnight, August 15th, 1940. Prizes will be awarded for the most attractive model stations submitted. Don't miss this big opportunity—mail YOUR entry blank today!

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES:

1. To enter, print your name, address and age in the entry blank below and send it WITH A 3c STAMP to Uncle Joe, Suite 1901, 215 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.
2. When you receive the cut-out plans, paste them on cardboard and build a model Railroad Station in accordance with printed instructions.
3. Send the completed model Railroad Station to Uncle Joe for final judging. Complete details will be sent with your plans.
4. Your entry blank must be in the mails not later than July 15th, 1940.
5. Contest closes August 15th, 1940 and all models must be in the mails by midnight of that date.
6. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of neatness, accuracy and attractiveness of your model Railroad Station. Entries will be judged by the editorial staff of "Model Craftsman" and Uncle Joe. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become the property of Uncle Joe and will not be returned.
7. Any boy or girl can compete except employees of this company or their relatives. Contest open to residents of the United States or its possessions.

Mail this Entry Blank Today

UNCLE JOE: Suite 1901, 215 Fourth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Enter my name in your First Annual Model Building Contest and mail me the free cut-out plans so I can get started on my model. I have enclosed a 3c stamp to cover postage on the plans.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

IMPORTANT: No plans sent unless 3c stamp accompanies this entry blank.

TEN GRAND PRIZES

1st PRIZE is the Electric train pictured above. It's a seven car steam type freight with remote directional control and automatic coupling. In addition to the Engine and Tender there are seven other cars; a Pacific Fruit Express, a P.R.R. Gondola, a Merchants Despatch, a Sinclair Oil Car and a Texas Oil Car, a loaded Flat Car, and a Caboose. The over all length of the complete train is 59 1/2". There are sixteen sections of curve track and four sections of straight track which make a running oval of 192" Retail value \$31.25.

2d PRIZE is a three car Freight Train 51" long. The locomotive and Tender are the same as above but with three freight cars; a Gondola, Merchants Despatch, and Caboose. There are also sixteen sections of curve track which make a circle 152" in circumference. Both of these trains are "Tru-Model" miniatures to HO scale, completely set up and ready to run. Retail value \$20.70.

3d PRIZE is a four car Freight Train Kit. This kit contains all the units to assemble a complete

four car train including Locomotive and Tender, Refrigerator Car, Oil Car, Gondola and Caboose. There is also a remote control unit included. All kits contain instruction sheet, paint, brushes, etc. Retail value \$17.70.

4th PRIZE is a Locomotive and Tender Kit with a remote control unit included. In this kit as well as the one above, the Armature, Field Gears and Drive Wheels are already assembled to the engine frame. Instructions and materials are included. Retail value \$13.75.

5th PRIZE is a Refrigerator Car Kit. Everything necessary to build a model Refrigerator car will be found in this kit. Value \$1.50.

6th AND 7th PRIZES are Tank Car Kits. Value \$1.50 each.

8th PRIZE is a Gondola Kit. Value \$1.50.

9th AND 10th PRIZES are Caboose Kits. All kits contain instructions and material necessary for assembling. Value \$1.50 each.

48 MAJOR PRIZES

11th TO 22d PRIZES are one-year subscriptions to "Model Craftsman", a monthly magazine de-

voted to model building. Model Craftsman has hints and instructions on making all kinds of models; complete railroads, boats, airplanes, guns, etc. Value \$2.50 each subscription.

23d TO 34th PRIZES are handbooks entitled "How to Build a Model Railroad". This is a step by step handbook for beginners and veterans on building as well as maintaining a model railroad. Value \$1.50 each.

35th TO 46th PRIZES are Model Craftsman Plan Portfolios. These are loose leaf plans and instructions for making model railroad cars. Each plan drawn to scale. Value \$1.00 each.

47th TO 58th PRIZES are one-year subscriptions to "Miniature Railroad", a bi-monthly publication for the every day model railroader. Value 75c each subscription.

500 HONORABLE MENTION PRIZES

Each contestant who fails to win one of the Grand Prizes or the Major Prizes, but whose entry, in the opinion of the judges, deserves Honorable Mention, will receive a copy of the magazine "Model Craftsman".

HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY PRIZES YOU CAN WIN!

4th Prize



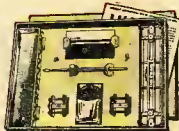
5th Prize



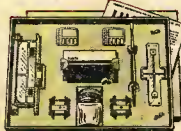
6th & 7th Prizes



8th Prize



9th & 10th Prizes



UNCLE JOE'S
FIRST ANNUAL

MODEL BUILDING CONTEST

The MASKED MARVEL



THE MASKED MARVEL IN HIS WAR AGAINST CRIME HAS CAPTURED MANY OF THE WORLD'S SMARTEST AND MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINALS! FOR MONTHS HE HAS BEEN TRYING TO TRAP A CLEVER BAND OF PACIFIC COAST DOPE SMUGGLERS!



THE TRAMP STEAMSHIP "WESTPORT" NEARS THE CALIFORNIA COAST WITH A CARGO FROM CHINA.

IN THE WHEELHOUSE, THE FIRST MATE SPEAKS TO CAPTAIN HANS HEIMER, WHOSE ACTIVITIES IN THE CHINA SEAS LONG AGO GAVE HIM AN UNSAVORY REPUTATION AMONG SEAFARING MEN.

THAT SPEED-BOAT APPROACHING... DOES SHE FLY A RED AND BLACK FLAG?

THINK SO, MATE... LOOKS LIKE IT FROM HERE!



THEN THAT'S "BAT" WALSH!

O.K. TOSS THE STUFF OVERBOARD!



SEVERAL AIR-TIGHT CANS, CONTAINING THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF OPIUM, ARE THROWN INTO THE PACIFIC!

THEY'LL SPOT THESE CANS AND PICK THEM UP AFTER WE GO ON!

THAT'S THE "WESTPORT"! THEY'VE SPOTTED US AND HAVE TOSSED THE STUFF OVER THE SIDE!

ALL WE GOTTA DO NOW IS PICK IT UP, EH "BAT"?

DON'T MISS ANY OF 'EM! HOOK THAT GAFF THROUGH THE HANDLE!

FLYING HIGH ABOVE THE WATER, A U.S. COAST GUARD PLANE SEES THE SPEEDBOAT...

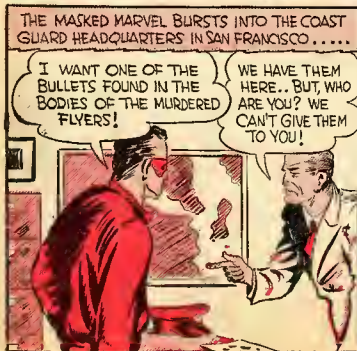
WE'LL LAND AND TAKE A LOOK... MAYBE THEY'VE RUN OUT OF GAS!

WHAT'S THAT BOAT DOING DOWN THERE? ISN'T ANY FISHING THIS FAR OFF SHORE!

LOOK "BAT"! A COAST GUARD PLANE!

GET THAT MACHINE GUN OUT... WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ON LOSING THIS STUFF!

HELLO, THERE! IN TROUBLE? SAY, WHAT ARE THOSE CANS FLOATING IN THE WATER?



THE MASKED MARVEL VISITS THE WATERFRONT.

THAT OPIUM CAN FOUND IN THE WATER WAS APPARENTLY ONE OF A SHIPMENT DROPPED BY A PASSING STEAMER AND PICKED UP BY THE MURDERERS! NOW.... WHAT SHIP COULD THAT HAVE BEEN?



THE MURDER OCCURRED AT 4:30 IN THE AFTERNOON....ANY STEAMSHIP PASSING THAT SPOT AT THAT TIME WOULD HAVE DOCKED HERE ABOUT SUNDOWN! HERE COMES SOMEONE...IT'S A WATCHMAN.....



COME HERE...I WANT TO TALK WITH YOU!

HEY... WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE?



A MASKED MAN! I'M GONNA TURN YOU IN!

NO YOU'RE NOT! IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU... ANSWER MY QUESTIONS!



DID A STEAMSHIP FROM THE ORIENT TIE UP HERE THIS EVENING?



WHY....SURE, THE WESTPORT! COME IN FROM CHINA ABOUT DARK THIS EVENING....ONLY ONE HERE.....

WESTPORT?

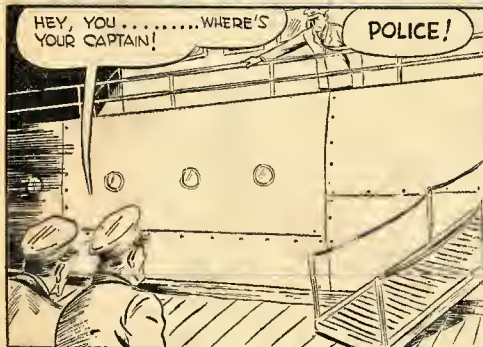
WHERE IS SHE?



RIGHT DOWN AT THE END OF THIS DOCK. BUT... HEY...YOU CAN'T GO DOWN THERE!

TRY TO STOP ME!









BUT, AT THAT MOMENT, "BAT" VISITS THE STEAMSHIP TO FIND THE CAPTAIN AND MATE GONE!

FUNNY... THEY WERE TO MEET ME HERE TO GET THE MONEY FOR THE OPIUM. I'LL ASK THE DOCK WATCHMAN IF HE'S SEEN THEM!



SAY, WATCHMAN... DID YOU SEE THE CAPTAIN AND MATE OF THE WESTPORT?

NO... BUT SOME COPS WENT ABOARD THE SHIP A SHORT WHILE AGO!



COPS! THAT MUST MEAN THE POLICE SUSPECT US! I GOTTA LEAVE FAST!

THAT FELLA' SURE RAN QUICK WHEN I MENTIONED THE POLICE!



I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES OF GETTING CAUGHT!



THE MASKED MARVEL ARRIVES AT THE SECRET HIDEOUT OF THE SMUGGLERS!

SO, THIS OLD FARMHOUSE AND BUILDINGS ARE THEIR HEADQUARTERS!



INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE.....

"BAT" OUGHT TO GET BACK PRETTY SOON! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE GET RID OF THIS SHIPMENT... THAT COAST GUARD 'KILLIN' COULD GET US IN PLENTY OF TROUBLE!



DON'T WORRY, "BAT" WILL
GET RID OF THE STUFF
FAST ENOUGH!

"BAT"? THAT MUST
BE THE LEADER... AND
HE WENT TO THE SHIP! I'LL
HAVE TO CATCH HIM AFTER
I TAKE CARE OF THIS
BUNCH!

THE MASKED MARVEL
SURPRISES THE GANG! 19

A MASKED STRANGER!
GET HIM!

BUT, BEFORE THE CROOKS CAN ESCAPE,
THE MASKED MARVEL, FISTS FLYING,
DROPS THEM, ONE BY ONE!

HERE'S A TELEPHONE I'LL
CALL FOR THE POLICE !

HELLO, OPERATOR,
TELL THE POLICE TO
COME HERE AT
ONCE AND GET
A GANG OF DOPE
SMUGGLERS!

HE HEARS THE ROAR OF A MOTOR !

AN AIRPLANE ... MAYBE
THAT'S THE LEADER!

"BAT" HAS QUICKLY RETURNED TO THE
FARM TO ESCAPE IN HIS AIRPLANE !

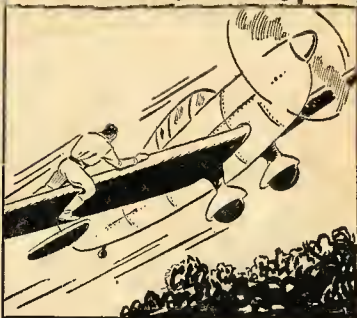
I'M GOING TO GET AWAY WHILE I
CAN ... THE REST OF THE GANG
WILL HAVE TO ESCAPE THE BEST
WAY THEY CAN.... I'M NOT GOING
TO WORRY ABOUT THEM!

AS THE PLANE ROARS AWAY, THE MASKED MARVEL CATCHES THE LANDING GEAR!



HE SWINGS UP ON THE WING!

110



THE CROOK SEES HIM!

THE MASKED MARVEL!
I'LL GET RID OF HIM!



HE TURNS THE PLANE UPSIDE DOWN! BUT, THE MASKED MARVEL DOES NOT FALL OFF!



HE WALKS TO THE COCKPIT, AND PULLS THE COVER BACK!



REACHING INSIDE, THE MASKED MARVEL QUICKLY FLIPS OPEN "BAT'S" SAFETY BELT!

WH-WH-WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO?
NO...STOP!



THE SMUGGLER FALLS OUT OF THE PLANE TO HIS DEATH!



NOW, I'LL RETURN AND MAKE SURE THE REST OF HIS MEN DON'T ESCAPE AND THAT WILL END THE SMUGGLING GANG!



... MORE MASKED MARVEL
ADVENTURES HERE NEXT MONTH!

THE MUSEUM GHOST MURDERS

by Ray Gill



Hanrahan's eyes glazed, and he dropped quietly to the floor—dead. The silence of thousands of years settled over the bodies in the room . . .

THEY should be here before now!" A look of worried anxiety marked the countenance of Guard Clyde Hanrahan. A quick glance at his watch with the assistance of his flashlight showed the time to be two-fifteen A.M. The light cast eerie shadows in the otherwise black interior of the Egyptian wing of the famous British Museum.

Guarding the priceless jewels from the newly opened tomb of King Tutth was a big job . . . and a dangerous one. It had been impressed on their minds that these jewels would be as sought after as general peace in Europe. The appointed time for the three guards to meet at the large glass dome housing the Egyptian jewels was at exactly two A.M.

"I'd better take a look around, no telling what might happen in this room tonight . . ." A pin of light from his flash searched across the glassy stone floor, bringing ancient mummy cases and thousand year old wrapped bodies into view. The moving shadows seemed to bring twitching life to these long dead Egyptians.

Suddenly Hanrahan stopped . . . the oval of white light framed the body of his friend and assistant . . . sprawled on the cold stone . . . quite dead! A quick search around the body, and a brief but thorough examination disclosed nothing . . . no bullet wounds, knife wounds . . . Hanrahan rose to his feet. "He certainly must have seen something horrible . . . my guess is that he was frightened to death!"

Heart attack was common, but Hanrahan was inclined to think differently when he came upon a second body . . . Guard O'Leary . . . with the same strange symptoms.

"There's something in here . . . and I'm going to find it!" Cautiously he trained his flash on the various cases about him . . . then up and down the corridors. Upon coming into his own territory, he clicked on his torch for a survey of the odds and ends on the shelves which lined the high walls of the museum.

"Let's see, gold crowns . . . bracelets, necklaces . . . but no weapons . . . except . . . OHhhhhhhh!" Guard Clyde Hanrahan, eyes popping, clutched his midsection and quietly dropped to the floor . . . the third victim . . . the last remaining guard in the Egyptian wing of the British museum. The silence of thousands of years descended on the many bodies in the room.

INSPECTOR SCOTT, my men can fight flesh and blood criminals . . . but, Sir, frankly . . . we're stumped when it comes to ghosts." Constable Flinton shook his head in defeat. "I'm afraid you'll have to take it from here, Sir!"

"All right, Constable, place a guard at every entrance to the building. Don't allow anyone to leave or enter . . . until you hear from me. Come on, Jeets!"

Inspector Scott and his assistant, Jerry Jeets, both of Scotland Yard, soon learn that they have a man sized job on their hands.

"Inspector, these men were killed by poisoning . . . the poison of the King Cobra. But there are absolutely no signs of any such reptile on the premises . . ."

Inspector Scott smiled at the young man, "Jeets, I'm afraid you're on the wrong track. Even if you did find a King Cobra . . . It's a known fact that they seldom, if ever, eat rare Egyptian jewels"

"What? The jewels are gone?"

"Yes. And I find that the case was not broken into . . . it was opened with a key . . . as was the front door to this wing. Certainly that was not the work of either a ghost or a King Cobra. We have a real and live criminal to deal with . . . and I might add . . . a dangerous and clever crook as well."

"I can understand how a person might take the dead guard's keys . . . but how do you account for his presence in the building? Besides, wouldn't the other guards hear the alarm when the first one was killed?"

"I shall answer all those questions in due time . . . however, at this moment we have work to do. Call a cab while I pick up a few souvenirs. I'll meet you out front."

A QUICK dash through the streets of London soon brought them into the narrow and dirty streets of the Limehouse section. The taxi screeched to a stop in front of a Hindu curio shop . . . and the two Scotland Yard men lost no time in scrambling up the steep wooden steps to the second floor of the old building. Inspector Scott crashed the door in and, pistol in hand, he faced a dark skinned Mohammedan . . . preparing his grip in haste.

"Hello, Ali Singh, going on a trip?"

"You, Inspector Scott! How did you . . . what do you want?"

"How did I know that you were the one who murdered the three guards and stole the King Tutth jewels from the British Museum? Is that what you were going to ask me?"

"I . . ."

"Well, I'll tell you . . . there are many jewel thieves on the loose in London, but only one who uses the poison peculiar to India . . . the Cobra. Then, your use of the all too modern sciences clinched the case . . . you are the only Hindu jewel thief in London who studied at an American University of Science."

"But, Inspector," Jeets marveled, "How did you know all this . . . how?"

"Our friend here, The Cobra, as the Yard knows him, used a very ingenious device in killing those guards. He utilized three ancient blow guns from the shelves of the museum. He used the new plastic substance which bends light, to plug up the end of the blow gun . . . inside he placed two tiny capsules containing acid and an alkali, the containers of which were sensitive to light.

"When the guards turned their flashlights on the blowguns the light melted the capsules and the chemicals combined to form a lot of gas, carbon dioxide . . . which blew out the tiny poison dart . . . killing them.

"He simply hid himself in an empty mummy case until they all were dead, and calmly stepped out, taking the jewels. Oh, Ali, don't stop packing, you're going on a trip all right. We've got a nice room in Old Bailey, our 'Sing Sing', for you . . . and it won't cost you a cent!"

END



THE EYE SEES

by Frank Thomas

THE EYE! - EVER
MENACING THOSE WHO
DO WRONGS - EVER
HELPER TO THOSE WHO
SUFFER WRONGS! -
- EVER PRESENT TO ALL!
WITH POWERS UNLIMITED,
HE IS THAT QUIRK OF
EYE ROAMS THE WORLD!
CIRCUMSTANCE WHICH
CAUSES EVIL DEEDS TO
BOOMERANG AND EN-
MESH THOSE WHO SEEK
TO EMPLOY THEM !!!
**- HE IS THE SYMBOL
OF MAN'S INNER
CONSCIENCE!**

**SPIGETTI! - YOU
KILLED MY
BROTHER!**



**ME? - HOW CAN YOU
SAY SUCH A THING?!**
**- I WAS INNOCENT -
- THAT WAS PROVEN
BY LAW!**



**LAW - BAH! - PROVEN BY YOUR OWN
CROOKED POLITICIANS AND COURTS -
WHO DO AS YOU
TELL THEM!**



NICKIE WAS JUST A KID WHO GOT IN BAD!
-YOU TOOK HIM INTO YOUR DIRTY MOB
AND THEN WOULDN'T LET HIM QUIT!-
-I KNOW!- BUT HE WAS TOO SMART FOR
YOU, NICKIE WAS!-HE GOT AWAY AND
HEADED FOR THE COAST!-BUT WHAT
CHANCE DID HE HAVE?-YOUR SAN
FRANCISCO GORILLAS WERE WAITING
FOR HIM, AND THE MINUTE HE
STEPPED OFF THE
TRAIN, HE GOT HIS!!



-AND YOU'RE GONNA GET YOURS TOO-
-IF IT TAKES ME THE REST OF MY LIFE!

-YOU MURDERER!!

THAT'S ENOUGH!



**THROW HER OUT, BOYS!- AND DON'T
EVER LET HER IN AGAIN!**



THAT WAS NICK BETTS' SISTER!-GOT
EXCITED, DIDN'T SHE?-HOW Y'LIKE MY
TIE, SLOBBER



A PIP, BOSS,
A PIP-!

WHAT'S A IDEA, SPIGETTI?-WHY CAN'T
YA LEAVE ME ALONE?- I TELL YOU
**I'M THROUGH!-I'M GOIN'
STRAIGHT!**

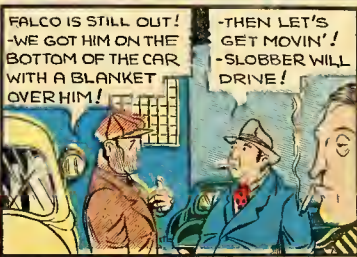
YEH, FALCO-I KNOW!
-THAT'S WHAT I DON'T LIKE!

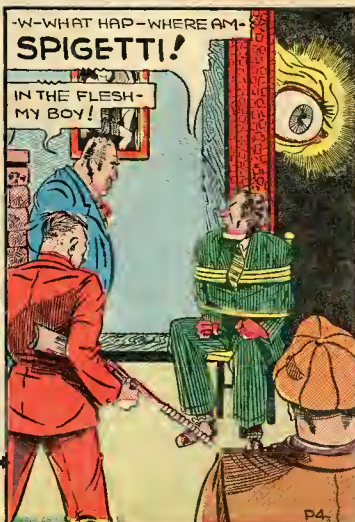
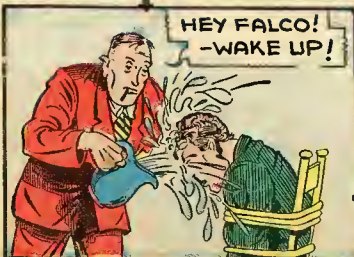
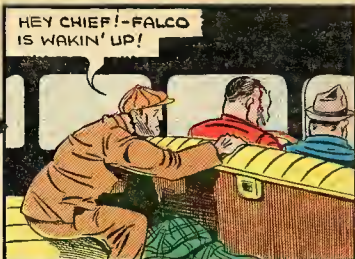


IT CAME FROM THE FINEST FIFT'
AVENUE -WHAT Y'WANT?

BOSS-THE BOYS'RE
HERE WITH FALCO!







FALCO, THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! -YOU KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT MY ORGANIZATION!
-WILL YOU JOIN UP ??!

NO!

THE ROOM IS DEATHLY SILENT. AS ALL EYES ARE GLUED ON THE PLUGGY RIGHT HAND OF SPIGETTI!
-WAITING-

THE FINGERS TWITCH-THEN SLOWLY TWO ARE LIFTED -SPIGETTI'S SIGNAL OF DEATH!

-AS IF RELEASED BY A COIL SPRING, THE KILLER LEAPS TO HIS TASK !!!-

CHEE! -I NEARLY BLEW HIM TO PIECES!

BOSS!- BOSS-I JUST SAW SOMETHIN!!
-JUST BEFORE SLOBBER RAN LEAD--
-IT WAS IN THE NEXT ROOM!

WELL, WHAT?

IT LOOKED LIKE -LIKE -
THE EYE!

THE EYE! - YOU MEAN -THE EYE?
-W-WELL-SO WHAT?-I'M-I'M NOT YELLA! -THE EYE CAN'T HURT ME -NOT SPIGETTI!
-NO SIR!

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH
FALCO'S BODY, BOSS?



FOLLOW ME - I'LL SHOW YOU!



IT IS CEMENT! - NOW LISTEN! - YOU
BOYS WILL BUILD A BOX - A FORM -
- BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD FALCO - THEN
MIX A BATCH OF MORTAR AND POUR
IT IN ON HIM! - A REGULAR CONCRETE
COFFIN, SEE?



'SEE THESE BAGS?

'LOOKS LIKE
CEMENT!



WHEN IT GETS HARD, WE'LL LOAD IT
ON MY BOAT AND DUMP IT TO THE
BOTTOM OF THE RIVER!



AW-BOSS-!!
-THAT'S WORK!
WHY NOT FEED
HIM TO THE
FISHES AS IS?

-BECAUSE WE GOTTA BE EXTRA CARE-
FUL THIS TIME! THE GOVERNOR IS
INTERESTED IN FALCO'S CASE - GOT
HIM HIS PAROLE - THEY'RE
LIABLE TO CALL IN
G-MEN TO INVESTIGATE -
-AN' G-MEN ARE
SOMETHIN' I AIN'T
GOT ANY INFLUENCE
WITH! - SAVVY?



-BACK IN THE CITY, AT THE APARTMENT OF BETTY BETTS-SISTER OF NICKIE...

SPIGETTI KILLED POOR LITTLE NICKIE- BUT WHAT CAN I DO?-HE RUNS THIS TOWN!

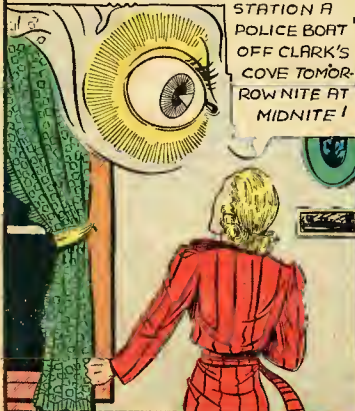


YOU CAN DO SOMETHING!



VERY WELL-LISTEN CLOSELY!-GO TO THE GOVERNOR!-HE WILL SEE YOU IF YOU TELL HIM IT IS ABOUT THE FALCO CASE!-TELL THE GOVERNOR THAT IF HE WISHES TO SERVE JUSTICE, HE WILL

STATION A POLICE BOAT OFF CLARK'S COVE TOMORROW NITE AT MIDNITE!

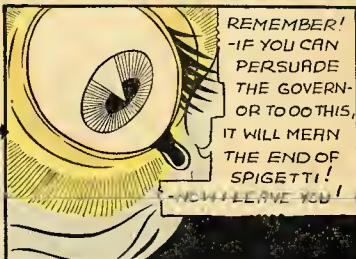


NO MAN IS TOO BIG TO ESCAPE JUSTICE! NO, BETTY-NOT EVEN SPIGETTI!- HE KILLED YOUR BROTHER- HE HAS KILLED MANY OTHERS!-I ADMIRE YOU FOR YOUR BRAVE STAND TODAY IN THE GANGSTER STRONG-HOLD!-WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE SPIGETTI BEHIND BARS?

WOULD I!



REMEMBER! -IF YOU CAN PERSUADE THE GOVERNOR TO DO THIS, IT WILL MEAN THE END OF SPIGETTI! -NOW I LEAVE YOU!



IT'S GONE!-IT WAS THE EYE!-HE SPOKE TO ME -HE IS GOING TO HELP ME !! -SPIGETTI-YOU ARE DOOMED!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING!

PLEASE, GOVERNOR!

BUT-MY DEAR YOUNG LADY. WHAT IS THE REASON FOR YOUR REQUEST, AND WHAT HAS IT TO DO WITH MR. FALCO?

I DON'T KNOW. BUT I DO KNOW IT WILL MEAN CONVICING SPIGETTI!-YOU MUST BELIEVE ME!

IF THIS IS A JOKE, THE CONSEQUENCES WILL BE SERIOUS FOR YOU!-ARE YOU WILLING TO BE A PASSENGER ON THE POLICE BOAT?

WILLING?-I'D LOVE IT!

VERY WELL, IT SHALL BE DONE! -CLARK'S COVE IS NOT FAR OFF

THE REGULAR POLICE RUN, ANYWAY!-MEET ME AT THE MUNICIPAL DOCK AT 10 P.M.!-PERHAPS A BOAT RIDE WILL DO US BOTH GOOD!

SUCCESS!-SPIGETTI, YOUR HOURS OF FREEDOM ARE NUMBERED!-NICKIE, BROTHER MINE, I HAVE MADE GOOD MY PROMISE!

TIME PASSES-AND THE SCENE SHIFTS!

BOSS-THIS THING WEIGHS A TON!-IT'LL SINK US!

QUIT TALKIN' AND GET IT LOADED!

SPIGETTI!

WHAT ARE YOU YELLIN' LIKE THAT FOR,
YOU FOOL!!- THEY COULD HEAR THAT
CLEAR ACROSS THE RIVER!

— MY NAME ,TOO!

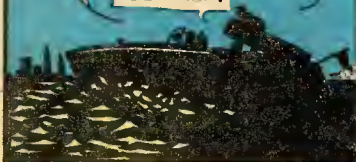
B-BUT CHIEF —
-IT-IT W-WAS
THE EYE!



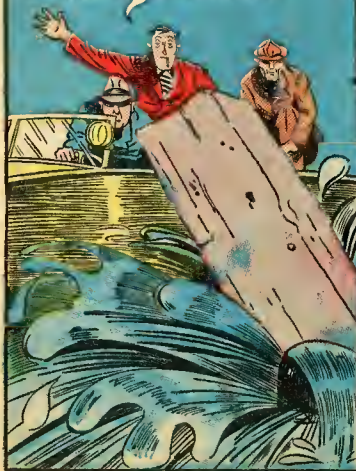
THIS CEMENT COFFIN
IDER GIVES ME THE
CREEPS!

ME TOO!-WHEN
DO WE DUMP IT?

SHUT UP!-I'LL TELL
YOU WHEN!



OVER SHE GOES!



YOU'RE DAFFY!- ONE MORE CRACK
ABOUT THE EYE, AN' YOU'LL GO TO
THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER WIT' FALCO!
-NOW I'LL GIVE YOU GUYS JUST
THREE MINUTES TO
GET THAT THING
ON THE BOAT AND
OUT OF HERE!

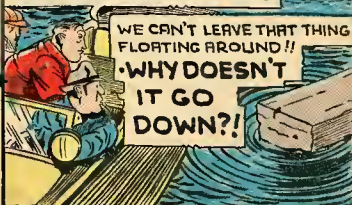


LOOK- A POLICE BOAT!
-THEY NEVER CAME
IN HERE BEFORE!

SO WHAT?-WE'RE
RUNNIN' WITHOUT
LIGHTS- THEY
CAN'T SEE US!-HERE'S
WHERE WE DUMP FALCO!



L-LOOK BOSS!-IT-IT FLOATS!
-LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



WE CAN'T LEAVE THAT THING
FLOATING AROUND!!
-WHY DOESN'T
IT GO
DOWN?!

-BECAUSE, GENTS,
I AM HOLDING IT
UP!- AND THAT
IS NOT ALL!!
-WATCH THIS!

THE EYE!



SEEMINGLY CAUGHT IN A SUDDEN CURRENT, THE "COFFIN" RAMS THE SMALL CRAFT WITH ITS SHARP CORNER!



WE'RE SINKIN'!

I CAN'T SWIM!

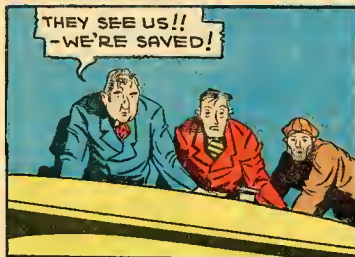
-TURN ON THE LIGHTS-

-SIGNAL THE POLICE BOAT!

-ANYTHING!



THEY SEE US!!
-WE'RE SAVED!



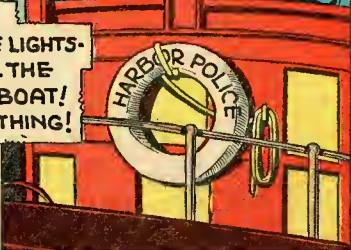
BEG PARDON, GOVERNOR, THERE ALSO SEEMS TO BE A LARGE, OBLONG OBJECT FLOATING ALONGSIDE!

BRING IT ABOARD -IT MAY BE EVIDENCE!

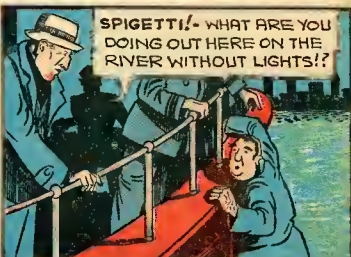


ABOARD THE RIVER PATROL BOAT-

LOOK!-OVER THERE!- LIGHTS!-
-AND SHOUTING!- FULL POWER AHEAD, CAPTAIN!



SPIGETTI!- WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE ON THE RIVER WITHOUT LIGHTS!?



THE FOLLOWING DAY -

YOU WILL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW, MISS BETTS, THAT THE MYSTERIOUS "FLOATING" CEMENT BLOCK CONTAINED THE BODY OF FALCO, AND, AS EVIDENCE, WILL SEND SPIGETTI TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

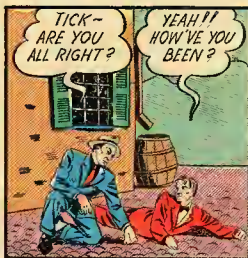
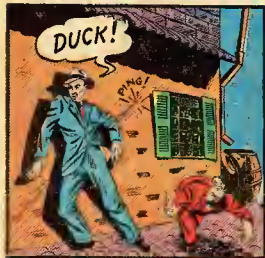
-ANOTHER THRILLING "EYE" STORY NEXT MONTH



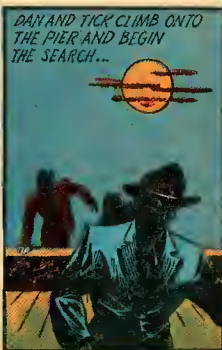
DAN DENNIS F.B.I.

by Sam Gilman

ASSIGNED TO INVESTIGATE THE ACTIVITIES OF A COUNTERFEITING RING IN THE LOWER SECTION OF BROOKLYN - DAN AND TICK BEGIN THEIR SECRET OPERATIONS ALONG THE DOCKS OF THE EAST RIVER

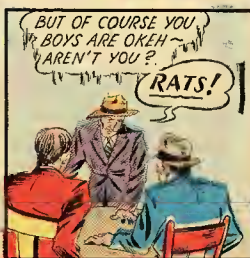
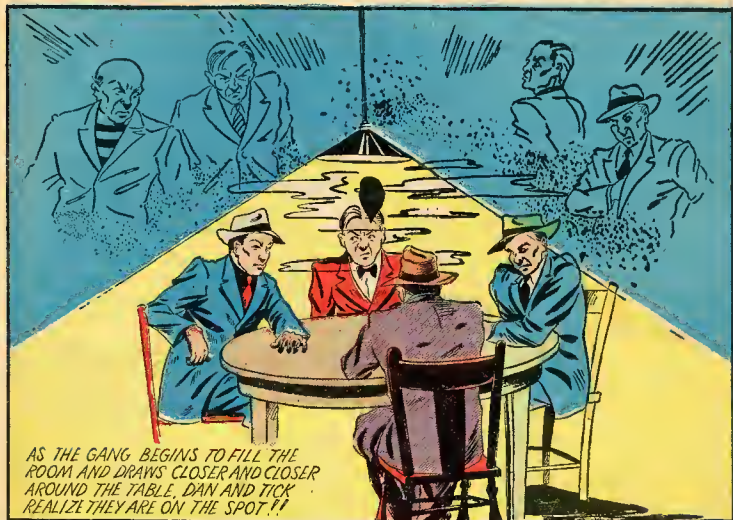














ONE OF THE THUGS SNEAKS UP BEHIND DAN AND DRAWS A KNIFE!



SEEING DAN'S FLIGHT, TICK...



...FLINGS AN URN AT THE THUG AND CATCHES HIM FULL IN THE FACE!



HEY TICK - THE BIG BOSS IS TRYING TO GET AWAY!!
PHONE THE POLICE AND BRING THEM TO THE WAREHOUSE!
I'M GOING AFTER HIM!!



OKEH, DAN!

2 pages and
inside back cover
missing

